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BUNKER HILL.

SATURDAY, 17TH OF JUNE, 1775.
GENERAL GAZE lay with his troops in Boston town, and around the city were the camps of the Volunteers, who had seized their muskets, and hurried to the American quarters. They were a rude and undisciplined crowd, full of strength, courage, and enthusiasm, and the first business of the officers was to institute rules, and secure obedience. The general orders of June 14, provided that the troops be quiet after nine o'clock at night; that all grog-shops be suppressed, and that their liquors be stored, if necessary; that officers and men attend prayer morning and evening, and so on the Lord's Day.

So eager were the men for action, and so confident of their strength, that they urged an attack. As it was known that the English were preparing to break the American lines, to secure supplies from the country, some of the leaders were ready to take the initiative, and, by an attack upon Boston, keep them at home. Putnam pressed this plan, and it was decided that something should be attempted and done.

On the night of the 16th of June, 1775, twelve hundred men, Massachusetts and Connecticut troops, were collected on Cambridge Green. There was no sound of drum, for they were to march in secret; each man rested on his musket, and with head uncovered, listened to the clear voice of Minister Langdon, whose prayer composed their spirits, and moved their hearts. Few knew what they were to do, but they were ready for a march of danger; and silently and swiftly they followed their leader Colonel William Prescott, a stalwart Groatian man. They passed on northward, and halted to reconnoiter at the narrow neck, between Charles and Mystic Rivers, which joins Charleston to the mainland; hastening across, they reached Bunker Hill (110 feet high), where the officers held a consultation.

The purpose in hand was to throw up intrenchments on this hill, so as to command the City, and thus check the plans of General Gage, who was bent upon a sortie. The Boston promontory is almost surrounded with water, and on it Gage, with his 10,000 picked troops, were cooped up, cut off from all country supplies by the army which lay out around him. Colonel Lemuel Robinson, with some 700 men, kept the pass over Boston Neck; he had been in his clothes for nine days and nights.—General Thomas commanded at Roxbury; Colonels Stark and Reed were at Medford with the New Hampshire men; while the main body of the Americans lay at Cambridge, under the command of General Ward, assisted by Putnam. Nigh half the inhabitants of Boston (then numbering some 17,000) had removed, and five thousand of the poorer sort were sent away, and distributed among the inland towns.—Gage, afraid of those remaining, compelled them to give up their arms; the Tories too, remonstrated against allowing any more people or goods to pass out, believing their presence in the town would serve as a check upon any attack.

Both the Regulars and Provincials had been busy for some weeks collecting cattle and provisions from all the shores and islands; they had skirmishes enough to warm their blood, and both parties felt defiant.

From Bunker Hill, Putnam, Prescott, Brooks, Gridley, and the other officers, overlooked the Charleston shores, and Boston town lying asleep before them; they could hear the dull challenge of the sentinels.—"All's well." Time was pressing, so they hastily concluded to begin their work on Bred's Hill, which was on the peninsula nearest to Boston. At mid night Gridley marked out the lines, and every man set to work with pick and shovel. When daylight dawned on the water, it revealed to the astonished eyes of the British soldiers a strong redoubt, crowning the hill-top.

The "Lively" sloop of war at once opened her guns upon the fort, and roused the sleeping people of Boston. General Gage saw that the redoubt commanded the city, and with its guns he could be bombarded. He immediately called a council of war, and it was decided that the Americans must be dislodged. He asked of Willard, who recognized Prescott, "Will he fight?" "To the last drop of his blood," was the reply. "Then he must be driven back," said Gage. The guns from the "Falcon," the "Somerset," and the "Cerberus," and from Copp's Hill (in the north of Boston), continued to play, and the Americans continued to work at their intrenchments—till toward noon they sent off their tools, took some refreshment, and ran up their flag. They were exhausted with a long night of hard work, but were determined to maintain their ground. At first Col. Prescott thought the attack would not be made upon them; but the rattle of gun carriages, and the sound of marching troops told him the enemy was coming; towards nine o'clock Putnam galloped away to General Ward for reinforcements. Ward thinking the attack might be made upon the center at Cambridge, and afraid of weakening the more important positions, ordered

forward a portion of Stark's New Hampshire regiment; and, upon the urgency of General Putnam at mid day, the whole of that and General Reed's corps, to reinforce Prescott.—The day was hot, and Prescott's men were spent with fatigue. The cannonade upon them was heavy, and waiting was fearful; but when, about two o'clock, Stark steadily marched his troops across the Neck to the tune of Yankee Doodle, their flagging spirits revived; when General Pomeroy and the young and beloved Warren came among them as volunteers, they sent up cheer after cheer, which sounded even to the ears of the Red-coats in Boston. The sturdy and active old Putnam was indefatigable everywhere; he had the confidence of the men, and what he said, they believed; where he led, they followed. He had advocated this attempt in the Council, and now he worked hard. He ordered a breastwork to be built on Bunker Hill, and rode from place to place, encouraging the untired raw troops; he could not be idle.

Captain Knowlton formed a breastwork on the north side of the redoubt to defend its rear; and when Stark arrived, they ran up beyond this a rifle fence, and filled it in with new-mown hay; for Putnam said,

"The Americans are not afraid of their heads, but their legs. Cover their legs, and they'll fight like devils."

Col. Prescott commanded in the redoubt. Captain Knowlton, Colonels Stark and Reed, with the Connecticut and New Hampshire troops, held the breastwork and the fence. Callender and the young Gridley, with six field pieces, were at the redoubt. Captain Manners and some men lay behind a rail fence on the right, toward Charleston. Some of the Connecticut and New Hampshire men were at work at Bunker Hill. "Old Put" was wherever there was work or danger.

The defenses were all hasty and imperfect, and among the undisciplined provincials was doubt and confusion; but there was none in the mind of Putnam, Prescott, Knowlton, Stark, Reed, and other leaders. Minister McClinton was with Stark's men, encouraging them with prayers and brave exhortations. It was thought in those fighting days that New England ministers were good out of the pulpit as well as in it.

Every roof and steeple in Boston was crowded with spectators; men, women and children looked on with dreadful earnestness; for husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons, were to meet in deadly battle; every hill-top too, was fringed with anxious people. They saw the regulars land at Morton's Point, and form into line, three thousand and choice troops of the English army; they heard the furious cannonade from the ships and forts, but no reply from the American lines. At three o'clock, they saw the solid columns of English soldiers, with powdered heads and glittering bayonets, led by Lord Howe on the right, and by Gen. Pigott on the left, slowly advancing up the slope of the hill, under cover of a cannonade from the ships, and of discharges from their own artillery.

It was a splendid and fearful sight. Few of the American troops had ever seen soldiers or snuff-d a battle. Prescott ordered his men to keep close in the redoubt, and not to fire a shot till he gave the word, and then to aim low. Putnam rode along the lines, and said to the men, "Wait till you see the whites of their eyes. Aim at their waistbands; pick off the handsome coats. Steady, my lads!"

Stark, Knowlton, Pomeroy, and other officers, gave the same orders. Gridley and Callender were sent with their field-pieces to defend the gap between the redoubt and rail fence, but were soon silenced, and Callender retreated over Bunker Hill. Putnam ordered him to return; and, later in the battle, some of Capt. Ford's raw troops, with the assistance of Putnam, got his guns into line at the fence; there Putnam got off his white horse; and, without coat or hat, helped to work them, for the new men knew nothing of artillery.

Pigott's splendid troops marched steadily up the hill, and as they neared the redoubt, began to fire random volleys; but the Americans were silent. As they neared the entrenchments, a few shots were heard; they came nearer, and when within eight rods of the redoubt, Col. Prescott shouted—
"FIRE!"

A sheet of flame flashed along the fence of the embankment, and when the smoke cleared away, it showed the dreadful work. Whole ranks of the British soldiers were mowed down, and lay in heaps; the dead and the wounded together. But the iron discipline of English soldiers kept them steady, and they advanced to be again mowed down.

On the right, Lord Howe led his troops against the fence breastwork. Putnam snuffed some of the cannon, and saw that the discharges cut their way through the advancing columns. A few of the Provincials impatiently shot off their muskets, when Putnam galloped to them, and swore that he would cut down the first man who fired without the word. When Lord Howe's columns were within a hundred yards of the works, the order was given—
"FIRE!"

There, too, the rattling volley carried death and confusion to the solid ranks. Nearly the whole of the front line was destroyed. The Americans hurrahed, and some leaped the breastwork, to charge the wavering troops, but were called back. Pigott's division, on the left retreated, and a deafening shout rang out from the rebel fort.

General Gage saw this check, and ordered Charleston to be fired, and the confusion increased the confusion. Putnam galloped to the rear, to hasten up reinforcements; but many would not cross the Neck, swept as it was by grape and chain shot, from the guns of a floating battery, and many were afraid to plunge into such a chaos. He rode across the Neck, he ordered, he appealed, he threatened, he implored, he swore; but only a few would follow. He found all in disorder at Bunker Hill; discipline gone, and squads of men without leaders, moving off, with no purpose but their own. In disgust and rage, he again sought the lines on Bred's Hill, where all were staunch.

Under cover of the distraction produced by the confusion, Howe and Pigott led both their divisions to a second attack. Again, the sure aim of the marksmen destroyed them. Officers and soldiers could not stand before the deadly muskets of the Provincials.

The ground was strewn with dead—Nearly all Howe's aids were down—Again their broken ranks reeled and retreated before this mob of wood-men.

An ill-suppressed murmur of congratulation passed along the American crowd in Boston, at this stern defense. Gage was covered with mortification at this second repulse, and General Clinton came across in haste from Boston, to reorganize the dismayed troops.—Generals Howe and Pigott, with every officer, determined to die to the last man, rather than suffer defeat. They re-formed their shattered ranks, re-posted their artillery, so that the breastwork was turned, and gave the order, "That the redoubt should be carried at the point of the bayonet."

Prescott's men were hot with enthusiastic courage, and shouted,
"Let the Red-coats come on! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

But now a startling rumor ran along their ranks:
"THERE IS NO MORE POWDER!"

What was to be done; for few of their muskets were armed with bayonets, if he could. He encouraged his men, and distributed the last powder, saying—
"LET EVERY SHOT TELL!"

The honor of the British army was at stake. The soldiers were led and driven up to the third attack. Clinton and Pigott led the left, and Howe the right, as before. His artillery raked the breastwork, and Prescott saw that he could not maintain the fort; but he held on and gave one more murderous discharge; then his ammunition was spent.

Pigott and his troops came on steadily and scaled the ramparts, and then in the redoubt, went on a hand-to-hand fight, man to man, bayonets to clotted muskets. Every man fought for his life. When the British troops came over the ramparts, the struggle was desperate. Edward Brown stood side by side with Gershom Smith, in the intrenchments. Brown saw his danger, discharged his own and Smith's gun.—
"When they came so close as to push over our small breastwork," says Webb, "Brown sprang, seized a Regular's gun, took it from him, and killed him on the spot; brought off the gun in triumph, and has it now with him."

Then Prescott gave the word, and slowly the Provincials retreated from the fort they had defended so well. The British soldiers cheered, formed, and poured a volley into their retreating foes. The troops and Tories in Boston answered with a shout; while among the Americans, there and on the hill-side, the silence was that of sorrow, mingled with tears.

Stark, Reed, and Knowlton, bravely stood their ground at the Grass Fence and saved the retreat from being a complete destruction. In great disorder, the flying troops poured over Bunker Hill, followed by the Regulars. Putnam and Pomeroy vainly endeavored to rally them for a stand there; Putnam swore at them till he was hoarse; but it was useless. They rushed over the hill, and across the Neck, till some fresh Connecticut troops came up in time to cover their retreat. It was at Bunker Hill that the slaughter of the Americans was greatest, for the breastwork there was not sufficient for protection. One only, of the six field-pieces was saved, by Captain Trevett. By five o'clock the battle was over, and the British troops encamped on Bunker Hill in triumph. A wounded Negro at the Rail Fence, lay on the ground, and loaded both guns for Aaron Smith, of Shrewsbury, who shot them at the British. In the retreat, Smith carried off the Negro on his back, but was at last obliged to leave him.

The Americans were driven back, defeated; but it was a splendid defeat.—The raw Provincials had stood up against the best trained soldiers of Europe, and only yielded when their powder failed.

The battle had ended, and—what had it cost?

Where was Abercromby, and Pit-

cairn, and Spendlove, and nineteen British officers? Dead.

Where were seventy more officers, and nine hundred stalwart British soldiers? Wounded, dying, or dead.

Where were four hundred and fifty hard-handed, strong hearted "Sons of New England"? Wounded, dying, or dead, on the fields of Bunker Hill.

Where was Warren, that single-hearted, resolute man? He lay along the green hill-side; a bullet had pierced that fine brain. He died as Hampden died, in the first battle, and in the front rank.

Where were Gardner, of Cambridge; Parker, of Chelmsford; Moore, and McClary? All dead; they had offered their lives in defense of their rights, and had lost life—perhaps Liberty.

But "better to die Freeman, than to live slaves!" So they thought, and so they died, and their children love their memory, and honor their graves. The Americans died in defense of Liberty, the brave English soldiers died because they were hired to fight and die for a shilling a day; they had no quarrel with their American brothers, but they were loyal to their shillings, and fought well.

There were faint-hearted men and cowards among the Americans that day, but why dwell upon that? Had not most of them fought nobly, sternly? Prescott begged hard to be allowed to retake the fort, and none among the American leaders then claimed the honors of the day. Yet now they loom large in our memory, and the 17th day of June, is a high day wherever men long for Liberty; and so long as Americans are true to the principles of their fathers, their hearts will swell and their pulses beat strong, when they hear the name of BUNKER HILL.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM THE GREAT EXPEDITION.

Capture of the Rebel Forts at Hilton's Head—Dispersion of Tattall's Musquito Fleet—All the Inland Approaches Blockaded—The Fleet Shelling Beaufort—Terrible Slaughter of the Rebels—The Rebel Fire Badly Managed—The National Loss Small—Great Consternation in Charleston—The Mercury Indignant—The Rebel Authorities Trying to Suppress the News.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12.
The Inquirer has the following from Fort Monroe, derived from rebel sources: In anticipation of the great expedition, the rebels have been engaged in erecting batteries upon a point at Hilton's Head, and on the opposite neck of land.

The principal fortification on Hilton's Head was denominated Fort Walker, situated on low land, and partially concealed by trees and underbrush; adjoining it were other batteries of smaller size, but so connected as to prove a formidable bar to the entrance of vessels. Fort Beaufort was of considerable importance, having been mounted with heavy guns.

The garrisons are supposed to have been South Carolina regiments, assisted by additional regiments sent from Richmond. The batteries at Bay Point, opposite Hilton Head, were equally as formidable.

Inside of Port Royal entrance and behind the batteries lay the fleet of Commodore Tattall, which consisted of all small vessels carrying a few heavy guns, but principally light ones. Tugs constituted a great portion of the fleet. Many of these remained outside the mouth of the entrance till the arrival of our fleet, when they formed in miniature line of battle, in the position already stated, behind the guns of their own forts and across the entrance.

On the morning of Thursday last the United States fleet, numbering 42 vessels, headed by the flag-ship, approached the mouth of Port Royal entrance. This was at half-past 9 o'clock. Several of the transports remained off the coast. Upon arriving at a suitable position the guns of the fleet opened a continuous fire upon Forts Walker and Beaufort, as well as upon those of Bay Point.

Under cover of this fire an effort was made to run the gauntlet of the batteries, which they did. A number of the vessels passed through the fire of the shore batteries with very trifling injury. At least fifteen of them succeeded in passing up beyond the reach of land batteries.

As the Union fleet sailed up, the musquito fleet of Tattall opened fire, but seeing the impossibility of making any resistance, soon dispersed. Some were forced to run in ashore, others were driven up the inlet out of sight.

Commodore Tattall went on shore with his men, to assist in working the batteries and use them against our vessels, which were endeavoring to follow the advance of the others. The passage of the fleet through the channel was not accomplished until the firing had continued from half-past four in the morning till nearly five in the evening.

One of the Union gunboats is believed to have been burned, and three steamers disabled.

It is acknowledged by the enemy that they had twenty men killed in Fort Walker, but it is impossible to state what their loss was at the other bat-

teries; doubtless very great, as our fire is said to have been very effective, and the guns well aimed and of heavy caliber.

No sooner did our vessels go past the batteries of Port Royal entrance and slide into what is termed Broad River, than they made for the mouths of the inlets leading to Beaufort, Savannah and Charleston. These they immediately blockaded, though not in time to prevent the escape of small rebel vessels. Not one of the Federal vessels was sunk, and the only one believed to be destroyed by fire was the gun-boat referred to above.

The crew are said to have passed through a murderous fire to another vessel, which they reached with very little if any loss.

The Union vessels acted under special instructions in blockading the inlets which led to the most important points, and which afforded loop-holes of escape to the enemy.

While a portion of the fleet entered upon this duty, four ships made at once for Beaufort, and at three o'clock on Thursday these vessels were in sight of the town.

A dispatch, dated Beaufort, November 7th, to the Charleston Mercury, says that at that time the Union forces were preparing to land, evidently with the design of throwing up intrenchments and attacking the town. We have no means of knowing the exact loss of the Union forces, but the rebels confess their own firing was very bad, and that their artillerymen are badly in want of practice. They declare, moreover, that the guns in the fort were not properly mounted.

When Commodore Tattall went to assist the men in the forts, he found that many of their cannon were dismounted by their own rebound. To this fault the rebel journals attribute their defeat, and loudly call on the Confederate Government to find out where the blame rests.

A telegraphic dispatch which left Richmond on Saturday last stated there was nothing particularly important from the Southern coast. It is evident from this that the rebel Government has prohibited any further information from coming North of Richmond.—This implies they have suffered a heavy defeat.

The Charleston Mercury of the 8th inst., after summing up results, says the Yankees seem to have driven Commodore Tattall's Mosquito fleet up the creeks leading to Savannah, and cut off all water communication with Charleston, by sealing up Skull Creek, although the Yankees have effected as yet no landing.

It is certain they have made some progress and it behoves us to immediately send such re-enforcements as may be needed to check any movements they may make toward gaining even the smallest foothold on our soil.

If the invaders can take Charleston with twenty-five thousand men, let them, as we would be unworthy to possess it, and it will be a fit memorial laid in ashes of our own Southern impotency.

GEN. SHERMAN'S REPORT OF THE BEAUFORT AFFAIR.

Forty-Five Cannon Captured—The General Compliments the Skill of the Naval Commander—Secretary Cameron in Favor of Emancipation.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE EXPEDITION CORPS, PORT ROYAL, S. C., Nov. 8, '61.
To the Adjutant-General U. S. A., Washington, D. C.:

SIR—I have the honor to report that the force under my command embarked at Annapolis on the 21st of October, and arrived at Hampton Roads, Va., on the 22d.

In consequence of the delay in the arrival of some of our transports and the unfavorable state of the weather, the fleet was unable to set out for the Southern coast till the 29th, when, under convoy of the naval squadron in command of Com. Dupont, and after the most mature consideration of the objects of the expedition by that flag officer and myself, it was agreed to first reduce any works that might be found at Port Royal, S. C., and then upon the finest harbor on the coast that exists south of Hatteras. It was calculated to reach Port Royal in five days at most, but in consequence of adverse winds and a perilous storm on the day and night of the 1st of November, the fleet did not arrive at Port Royal till the 4th, and then but in part, for it had been almost entirely dispersed by the gale, and the vessels have been struggling in up to this date.

The transport steamer Union, Belvidere, Osceola and Pelee have not arrived. Two of them are known to be lost, and it is probable all are. It is gratifying, however, to say that none of the troop transports connected with the land forces were lost, though the Winfield Scott had to sacrifice her whole cargo, and the Roanoke a portion of her cargo, to save the lives of the regiments on board. The former will be unable again to put to sea. The vessels connected with the naval portion of the fleet have also suffered much, and some have been lost.

After a careful reconnaissance of Port Royal Bay, it was ascertained that the rebels had three field works of re-

markable strength, strongly garrisoned and covered by a fleet of three gunboats, under Capt. Tattall, late of the United States Navy, besides strong land forces, which the rebels were concentrating from Charleston and Savannah.

The troops of the rebels were afterwards ascertained to have been commanded by Gen. Drayton. One of the forts, and probably the strongest point, is situated on Hilton Head and the other two on Phillips Island. It was deemed proper to first reduce the fort on Hilton Head, although to do this a greater or less fire might have to be met from the Batteries on Bay Point at the same time. Our original plan of cooperation to land the force in the attack had to be set aside, in consequence of the loss, during the voyage, of a greater portion of our means of disembarkment, together with the fact that the only point where troops should have landed was from five to six miles, measuring around the intervening shoal, from the anchoring place of our transports; altogether too great a distance for successive disembarkment with our limited means. It was therefore agreed that the place should be reduced by the naval force alone. In consequence of the shattered condition of the fleet and delay in arrival of vessels, that were indispensable for attack, it had to be postponed until the 7th inst.

I was a mere spectator of the combat, and it is not my province to render any report of this action; but I deem it an imperative duty to say that the firing and maneuvering of the war fleet against that of the rebels and their formidable land batteries, was a masterpiece of activity and professional skill that must have elicited the applause of the rebels themselves. As a tactical operation, I think that too much praise cannot be awarded to the science and skill exhibited by the flag officer of the naval squadron and the officers connected with his ships. I deem the performance a masterpiece, one, and ought to have been seen to have been fully appreciated.

After the works were reduced, I took possession of them with the land forces. The beautifully constructed work on Hilton Head was severely crippled, and many of the guns dismounted. Much slaughter had evidently been made there, many bodies having been buried in the fort, and some twenty or thirty were found some half mile distant.

The Island for many miles was found strewn with the arms and accoutrements and baggage of the rebels, which they threw away in their hasty retreat. We have also come into possession of about forty pieces of ordnance, most of which are of the heaviest caliber and the most approved models, and a large quantity of ammunition and camp equipage. It is my duty to report the valuable services of Mr. Bonello, Assistant in Coast Survey, assisting me with his accurate and extensive knowledge of the country.—His services are invaluable to the army as well as to the navy, and I earnestly recommend that important notice be taken of this very able and scientific officer by the War Department. I am very respectfully your obedient servant.

T. W. SHERMAN, Brig.-General Commanding, Adjutant-General U. S. A.

After landing and taking possession of the forts, Gen. Sherman issued a proclamation to the people of South Carolina, saying: "In obedience to the orders of the President, I have landed on your shores with a small force of National troops. We come among you without feelings of personal animosity—without no desire to harm your citizens, destroy property or interfere with any of your lawful laws, rights, or social or loyal institutions, beyond what causes herein alluded to may render unavoidable."

Gen. Sherman then reviews the action of South Carolina in the present rebellion, and implores the people to pause and reflect upon the consequences of their acts, and says, we have come among you as loyal men, fully impressed with our constitutional obligations to the citizens of your State.

These obligations shall be performed as far as in our power, but be not deceived; the obligations of surprising armed combinations against constitutional authority, is paramount to all other. If, in the performance of this duty, minor but important obligations should be neglected, it must be attributed to the necessities of the case, because the rights dependent on laws of a State must necessarily succumb to military exigencies created by insurrection and rebellion.

SECRETARY CAMERON IN FAVOR OF EMANCIPATION—A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF HIS THEORY.

Col. John Cochrane, in his speech to his regiment this afternoon, took ground in favor of emancipation of the slaves. After he had concluded, Gen. Cameron said, "I approve of every statement uttered by your noble commander. All the doctrines he has laid down I approve of, as if it were uttered in my own words. They are my sentiments, and the sentiments which will eventually lead to victory. It is no time to talk to these people about meeting them on their own terms.—We must treat them as our enemies,

and punish them as our enemies, until they learn to behave themselves.—Every means which God has placed in our hands, we must use until they are subdued."

Impending Crisis Helper has been appointed Consul to Buenos Ayres.

MORE IMPORTANT NEWS FROM THE GREAT EXPEDITION.

Additional Details of the Approach to Beaufort—The Union Men of Tennessee at work.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—The substance of accounts published in the Norfolk Day Book has been received here, containing important particulars regarding the movement of the great fleet. One report says forty-two vessels made their appearance off Port Royal; another dispatch says thirty-one, and another that seven vessels ran by the batteries at Hilton Head; and Island Point. The rebels say all the guns in their batteries on Hilton Head and Island Point were dismounted. The Charleston Mercury says these guns were dismounted by their own recoil. Rather a remarkable statement.

The latest dispatch, dated Thursday evening, Nov. 7, 5 P. M., says five Federal vessels are now in sight of Beaufort, and an attack is expected to-night. The dispatches in the Norfolk Day Book were mostly from Charleston.

The Charleston Mercury has accounts also from East Tennessee, showing indications that the Union men there were moving. They are accused of cutting down telegraph wires and burning bridges to thwart the movements of the rebels.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12.—The Inquirer's Special dispatch from Fort Monroe, says the Union men of East Tennessee, have burned a number of railroad bridges and cut the telegraph lines, to prevent transportation of troops. One bridge of 200 feet span was destroyed on Saturday morning last on the East Tennessee railroad.

Four structures on the line North of Knoxville, were entirely destroyed. A very heavy wooden bridge at Charleston, Bradley county, Tennessee, was destroyed on the evening of Friday last. Charleston is 75 miles Southwest of Knoxville. This action of the Union men, will convince the Government that East Tennessee will redeem herself if an opportunity offers.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 12.—The following additional particulars are from the Charleston Mercury of Friday the 8th. It is said that the fleet appeared off the mouth of Broad river between 9 and 10 o'clock on Thursday morning, and under cover of a heavy fire seven, one account says fifteen, passed the batteries. One account says one of the Federal vessels was crippled, but another account makes no mention of any disaster. The rebels report their loss in the batteries quite light.

The administration will act with promptness in maintaining any success the expedition may meet with. Secrecy is still observed in the Departments, relative to present or prospective movements of the expedition.

A letter from Darnestown reported all quiet on the Lower Potomac.

Thomas Wilkey, who died while seated at the breakfast table at his residence, in Baltimore, on Saturday morning, was the founder of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in the United States. The authentic origin of the now flourishing Order, may be considered as dating from the 26th of April, 1819, at which time was organized Washington Lodge, No. 1, when was assembled at the "Seven Stars" tavern, in Second street, kept by William Lupton, under a call from Thomas Wilkey, the following persons, who claimed to have been initiated into the Order in other places: Thomas Wilkey, John Welch, John Duncan, John Cheatham, and Richard Rushworth. It was originally self-instituted, and designed to operate according to the ancient usages of the Union or London Order, which plan was very soon after abandoned, and the work changed to that of the Independent Order, and under the usages of this branch of the order, it became necessary to obtain a dispensation from some competent authority, which authority was obtained through the Duke of York, from a Lodge in Preston, England, during the latter part of 1819. Mr. Wilkey has filled every position of honor in the gift of the members, and was the first Grand Master, when the Grand Lodge of the United States was instituted.

BLOODY FRACAS IN BEAUFORT'S ARMY ABOUT A PINT OF WHISKY.—A fight occurred in Beaufort's army between the Border Guards and the Wise Artillery, when a number were wounded, including Capt. John Q. A. Nadeau of the Berkley Guards, and Capt. E. G. Albertis of the Wise Artillery. The fracas arose in consequence of a woman named Bella Boyd refusing to sell a bottle of whisky to a soldier. She demanded two dollars for a pint bottle; soldier offered one; Mrs. Boyd refused to sell; soldier seized bottle; woman drew a knife; soldier did the same; Wise Artillery interfered in behalf of woman, and Border Guards Artillery for soldier. It was a fierce conflict, and was only ended by the interference of general officers. Twenty of thirty were badly wounded.